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"HOW EARLY DID HE BETRAY EVIDENCE OF BEING A GREAT MUSICIAN?"
"WHY, EVEN BEFORE HE COULD TALK HE WAS DEAD STUCK ON HIMSELF."

VAN NORDEN TRUST COMPANY

751 FIFTH AVENUE, NEAR 58TH STREET
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No. 10

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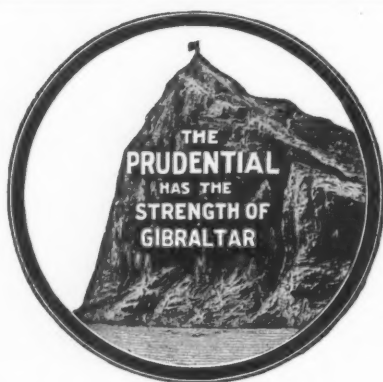
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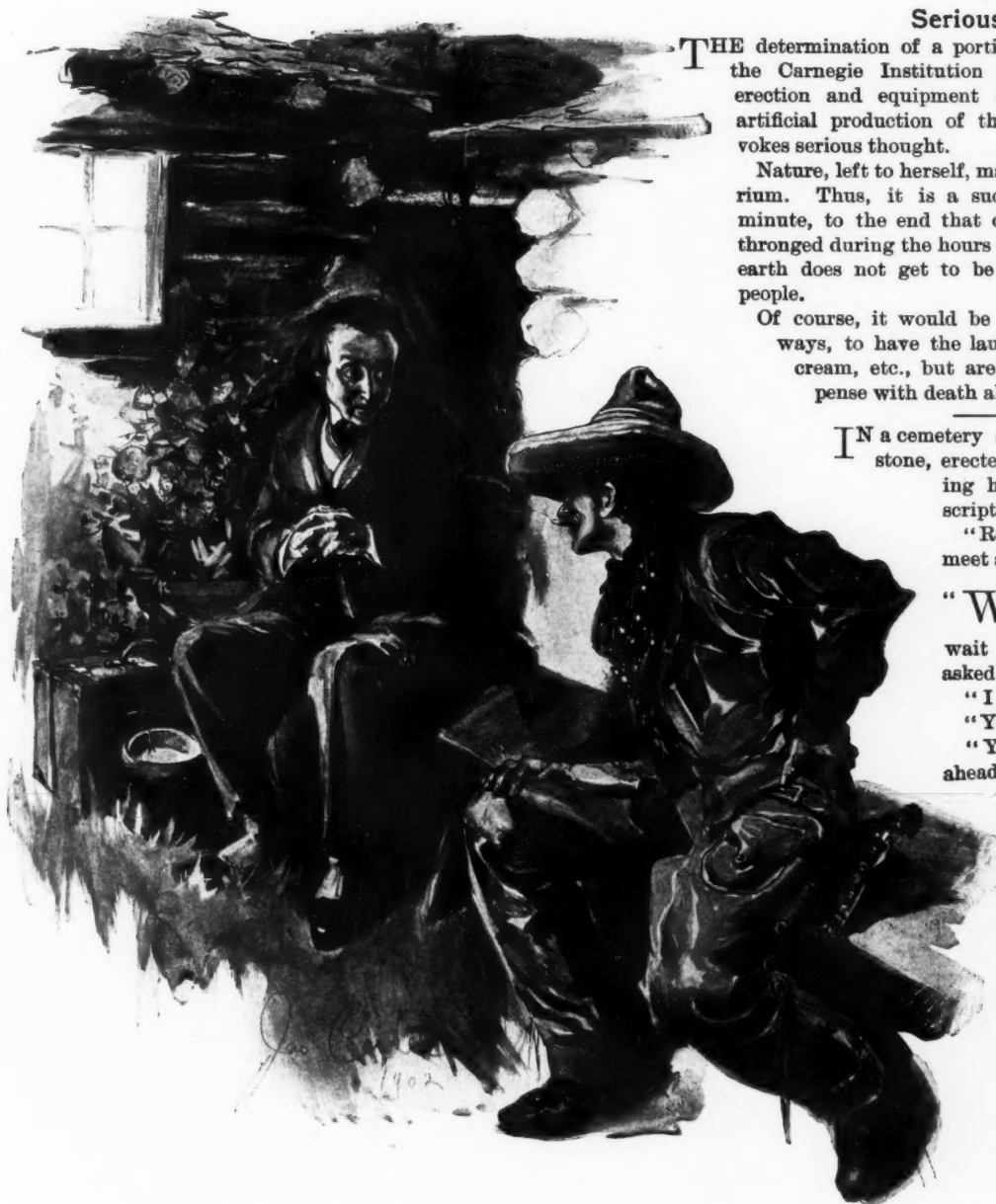
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LIFE



Serious.

THE determination of a portion of the endowment of the Carnegie Institution at Washington to the erection and equipment of laboratories for the artificial production of the protoplasmic cell provokes serious thought.

Nature, left to herself, maintains a certain equilibrium. Thus, it is a sucker who is born every minute, to the end that doctors' offices are mostly thronged during the hours of consultation, and the earth does not get to be unduly congested with people.

Of course, it would be very gratifying, in many ways, to have the laugh on ptomaines in ice cream, etc., but are we quite ready to dispense with death altogether?

IN a cemetery at Middlebury, Vt., is a stone, erected by a widow to her loving husband, bearing this inscription:

"Rest in peace — until we meet again."

"WHY, Harold, I'm surprised! You should wait until the blessing is asked."

"I did ask mine."

"You did?"

"Yes; and God said, 'Go ahead!'"

A Wrong Diagnosis.

"EDUCATION," said the impassioned orator, "begins at home."

"That's where you're off," said the calm spectator. "It begins in the kindergarten, is continued in the boarding school, football field, Paris, London, and Wall Street, and ends in either Sing Sing or Newport."

"ETHEL, dear, how could you marry an actor?"

"But, mamma, it won't last long."

"SAY, STRANGER, IF YOU'VE COME TO TAKE CHARGE OF THAT NEW CHURCH, I'LL GIVE YOU A POINTER. YOU'VE GOT TER MOVE IT."

Tenderfoot: WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

"WELL, IN THIS QUARTER NO SELF-RESPECTING SALOON WILL ALLOW ANY CHURCH TO BE WITHIN TWO HUNDRED FEET OF IT."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

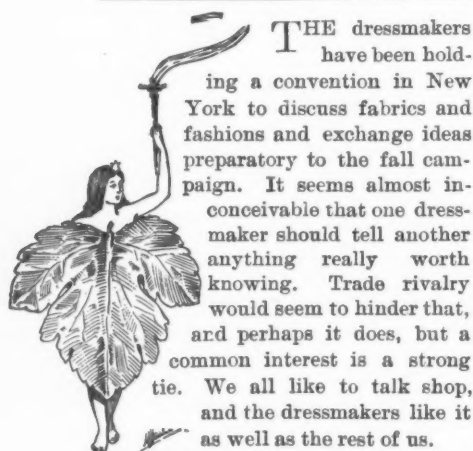
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE dressmakers have been holding a convention in New York to discuss fabrics and fashions and exchange ideas preparatory to the fall campaign. It seems almost inconceivable that one dressmaker should tell another anything really worth knowing. Trade rivalry would seem to hinder that, and perhaps it does, but a common interest is a strong tie. We all like to talk shop, and the dressmakers like it as well as the rest of us.

Their discourses were reported in the newspapers and excited considerable interest even in the minds of males. Men of intelligence are usually a good deal interested in women's clothes, and appreciative of their effect, though not, as a rule, wise about their construction. They are still more interested in the women who wear the clothes. Two or three years ago the dressmakers, conspiring with the stays-makers, got to work and made over about seven-eighths of their patrons. They determined that women's waists came at an inconvenient place, and that the curves and contours of their highly edifying shapes were not where they should be. Forthwith they changed the waistline and established the curious innovation known as the "straight front." In the course of about a year all women of fashion presented a straight front to the public eye. Some demurred; some lagged; but in a little time they all fell into the new lines. The men have watched

this transformation with a good deal of awe. It is unsettling, at least, after one's ideals of feminine shapeliness have been formed by years of observation and adoration to have them pulled in here and let out there, and generally remodelled. So the men read the dressmakers' talk, not so much to inform themselves about raiment as to learn whether Lovely Woman was to be molded into a new shape this coming winter, or would continue to make use of the figure now in vogue. The plan seems to be to let her go on for another season on the present lines. It is better so. Too frequent changes of form may disturb the allegiance of the most constant heart.



LIFE has a good deal to say nowadays, by word or picture, about automobiles. It may possibly be thought that it is opposed to their use. Not so. It is opposed only to their misuse. An automobile running from ten to thirty miles an hour on the highway is a mighty dangerous engine. If it is not to do mischief, the man who controls it must not only be competent and vigilant, but must have manners and a conscience. He must be neither a fool nor a hog, and he must respect scrupulously the rights and safety of others. Football, which tries the temper, is considered a useful exercise to teach self-control. Automobiling should be especially useful to teach courtesy, because it constantly tempts to discourtesy. The big automobiles are machines of great power. No horse-drawn vehicle can afford to dispute for the road with them. They tempt their drivers to a dangerous rate of speed, and also to adherence to the middle of the road, or wherever the track is best. To have power and restrict its use is a saintly attainment. All the automobilists have power as long as steam is up, but by no means all of them restrict its use as they should. LIFE's concern is not with the hopeless task of abolishing automobiles, but with the necessary but difficult one of disciplining the manners of the automobilists. They are a very difficult class to reach. Many of them are boys; many of them are hogs; and though many are decent

people, even they are liable to have drivers who make their machines things of terror on the highway. The automobiles do not own the country yet. If they are to increase in number and retain the right to travel on the highways, the folks who use them must look to their manners. In some communities they have become such a nuisance that the citizens have organized to restrain them. That may be expected to happen wherever such action becomes necessary. Persons interested in the future of automobiles should thank anyone who takes thought or labor to keep automobiles within decent bounds, to fine their drivers heavily when they go too fast, and to punish them severely when they cause accidents.



THE world owes gratitude to the late William Allen Butler for demonstrating that a poetic turn of mind is not inconsistent with very valuable mental qualities of another sort. Mr. Butler had it in him to write very good verse. In his youth he wrote "Nothing to Wear" and a good many other good pieces, in spite of which he became an eminent lawyer, unequaled in admiralty cases, and with a good title, finally, to be called the leader of the New York bar. But all his life, amusing to tell, he was much more widely known as the author of "Nothing to Wear" than as a lawyer, and so, combining the advantages of a large law practice with the reputation of a poet, he lived long and well and died much respected.



HENRY WATTERSON, of Kentucky and the United States, has been pouring hot shot into the "smart set." That interesting aggregation of gilded clay has maintained a discreet silence, though not without its journalistic champions.

No doubt the "smart set" feels indebted to Colonel Watterson for extending the zone of its notoriety several degrees farther south.



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Ferguson (the politest man in New York): WHEN YOU GO BACK, NORA, PLEASE ASK THE COOK IF THERE IS ANY COLD MEAT IN THE HOUSE. (Exit Nora.) To the company: I BEG YOU TO EXCUSE OUR MAID. THESE ACCIDENTS HAPPEN TO HER SOMEWHAT OVERFREQUENTLY. SHE WAS BRED, I BELIEVE, A DAIRYMAID, BUT HAD TO LEAVE THAT EMPLOYMENT BECAUSE OF HER INABILITY TO HANDLE THE COWS WITHOUT BREAKING OFF THEIR HORNS.

Chesterfield Sandbag to His Son.



MY DEAR BOY:

Be attentive to appearances.

Appearances are deceitful; if they deceive you, they deceive others; hence

the beginner in finance must learn the value of putting up a good front. Character is well enough in its way; but it is just as well to understand that, commercially, reputation is a better article. A man may be loaded down with certificates of character; but unless he has a reputation of getting good names on his paper, he will find the Financial Centers busy when he calls, and the Captains and Chevaliers of Industry will ask him to read the sign: "Keep off the grass." Reputation is the thing, my boy, and it is

easier to get than character. Lazarus had character; Dives had the stuff. Carnegie has a reputation for literature and philanthropy because he is an expert bookkeeper and a free book giver. It costs money; but ten thousand employees squeezed half a dollar a day for a year squares the soft-hearted, free-handed, old Scot. He might give the half to the toiling ten thousand; but where would his ad. and his reputation come in? Don't begrudge the old man his fling.

Let all your actions work towards the acquirement of a financial reputation. If the rude attentions of the Sheriff compel you to camp secluded in the Adirondacks for a while, drop a note to the Society Editor of the Daily Black Mail stating that "Mr. C. Beer-pint Sandbag, the well-known financier, has gone to Europe to close out an important financial deal with the Roumanian Government." This throws

the Sheriff off the trail and gives you rest and reputation simultaneously.

When times are dull and John W. Gates and Tom Lawson are silent, make an offer for Vanderbilt's yacht, or the control of the Pennsylvania Central; or you might negotiate for a seat in the Senate or William Whitney's stable. These things are not for sale, so you are perfectly safe to bid loudly for them; and you can get into the papers as a handler of big things. If you have tact you can get yourself abused in the press and be called a pushful parvenu and a vulgar plutocrat. Thus you obtain an asset which is useful among small fat suckers, whose vulgarity is limited only by their means. Then things will come your way.

Push, courage, diplomacy, vulgarly called hustle, nerve and hot air, combined judiciously with printer's ink, are the elements of reputation and financial success. *Joseph Smith.*



"GRANDPA, AM I GOING STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN WHEN I DIE?"

"I HOPE SO, MY DEAR. WHY?"

"I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO STOP OVER JUST ONE NIGHT IN THE OTHER PLACE."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

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IT is distinctly encouraging to find a new author able and willing to give to the production of fiction the serious study of individual character and its relation to life exhibited by Mrs. Edith Eustace in *Marion Manning*. Later, Mrs. Eustace will be able to produce an even better result with fewer strokes—will acquire the subtle art instinct of what to omit—but meanwhile this story of Washington life, while dragging in places, is of much interest, and shows unquestioned ability. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

George Barr McCutcheon, the author of a successful imitation of Anthony Hope, called *Graustark*, has, not unnaturally, followed his success by a new story on somewhat similar lines. In *Castle Cranecrow*, however, Mr. McCutcheon has escaped from the leading strings of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, and the book should not only please the admirers of *Graustark* but others who, while liking occasional extravaganzas, object to what the children call "copycats." (Herbert S. Stone and Company. \$1.50.)

Rosamond D. Rhone's story of the Christ, *The Days of the Son of Man*, seems designed to serve the same ends of realism for the orthodox which Renan's *Life of Christ* did for the rationalists. A wide knowledge of the ways of the East and a sympathetic attempt to understand its mental outlook lend interest and weight to the human side of the work, but the author's treatment of the supernatural element is far from being so satisfactory. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.20.)

Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin's work upon *The Theory and Practice of Infant Feeding* is a book with a wide range of possible usefulness. For the physician, for the members of health boards and milk commissions, for dairy farmers, for nurses and mothers, it contains valuable hints and practical advice. The problems involved are



AFTER READING "THE STRENUOUS LIFE."

IT APPEARS THAT PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S WORDS HAVE PRODUCED THEIR IMPRESSION AT THE VATICAN.

clearly outlined, together with the progress made in their solution, and to those interested a little study of the book will yield ample returns. (William Wood and Company.)

To Augustine Birrell's contribution to the series upon English Men of Letters, a life of *William Hazlitt*, it is not possible to give the praise lately evoked by Leslie Stephen's *George Eliot*. (The Macmillan Company. \$0.75.)

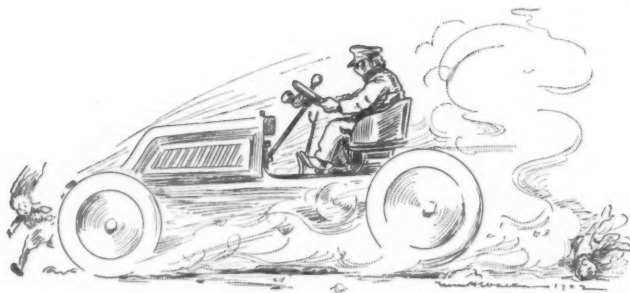
The adventures among Calabrian brigands of a New York leather merchant, into whose practical Yankee make-up heredity had surreptitiously introduced a belligerent strain of romance, are described by Elizabeth Pullen in *Mr. Whitman*. The story is in the

semi-serious Stockton vein, and on the whole the attitude is well sustained and amusing. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Robert Machray, author, and Tom Browne, illustrator, have handled their subject, *The Night Side of London*, with what delicacy the subject allows and such occasional silences as decency demands. Such a treatise obviously belongs to the Sunday supplement brand of literature. But as the Sunday supplement, while universally damned, is universally bought and paid for, their book will, doubtless, achieve the end it is evidently aimed at—a wide sale. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

THE COMPLETE AUTOMOBILIST.



Kickers' Column.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

I beg a few lines of your valuable space in the "Kickers' Column" to record my protest against the cartoon on the coronation of the British King which has appeared in one of your late numbers. As an American whose duties have called to far distant lands, and who has met and lived with many nationalities, I feel saddened that a publication in my own native land, of such general excellence and respectability as LIFE, should return the great kindness and sympathy we have received for the last decade from our cousins across the sea with such continuous hostility. I have often endeavored to account for your bitterness and virulence, but without success. Does it spring from some deeply rooted feeling of hatred for the English people, or is it merely liver?

I am sure thousands of Americans at home and abroad who obtain pleasure from your publication would be interested to know your reasons for this extreme anti-British sentiment.

Yours truly,

Minnesota.

DAITOTEL, FORMOSA, August 2, 1902.

Our correspondent exaggerates the "bitterness and virulence." In our mission of educating the world and pointing out to great nations their errors, we find strong language is often necessary. LIFE has many warm and valued friends among the English, and there is no "virulence." But the cartoon on the coronation was really a duty.

We entertain a strong affection for Edward, personally, but that nineteenth century exhibition of tenth century ideas—and so solemnly carried out—was a terrible temptation, and LIFE felt "a call" to yield to it.

Dear LIFE: Are you very sure that you understand Bryan?

Personally, Bryan is ordinary. It is only in what he stands for, or, rather, stands against, that he has any claim to greatness.

Some Americans are convinced of the danger of shaping public policy always ac-

ording to the wishes of the moneyed classes. In their opinion the very principles of democracy will not be vindicated until an election has been carried against the money power.

Bryan is the best expression of this sentiment

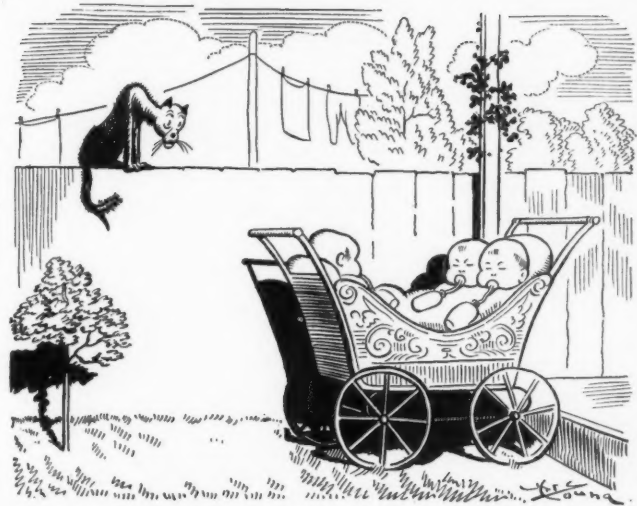
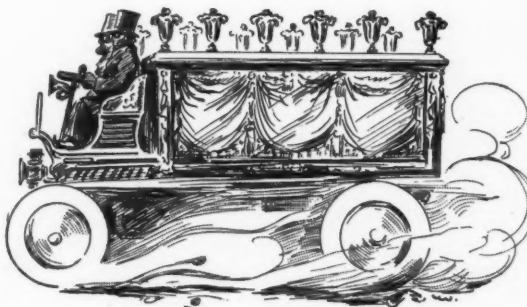
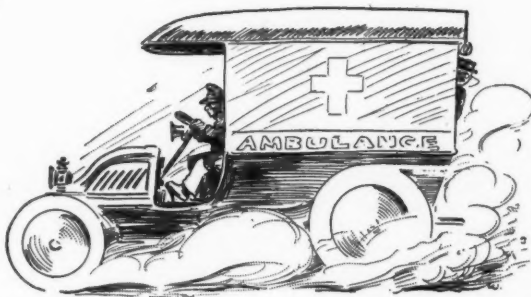
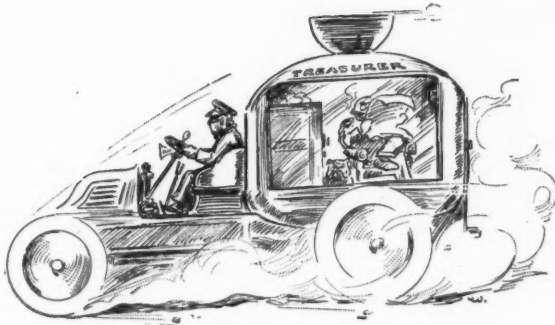
that politics has yet developed. He is talky and inclined to take himself too seriously, but he is loyal. And, imprints, how the plutocrats hate him.

Respectfully,
ANOKA, MINN.

Minnesota.



Shade of Ananias: ALACKADAY, BARON; THE CHAMPIONSHIP NO LONGER BELONGETH TO US!
Shade of Munchausen: AYE, FORSOOTH. LET US AWAY TO THE REAR AND BE SEATED.



The Cat: NOW I KNOW WHY MY MILK RATIONS HAVE BEEN CUT DOWN.

Monopolies.

THOUGH steel and gas and iron must

Divide the world in parts,
Yet Love controls the greatest trust—
The syndicate of hearts!

Charlotte Becker.

A Summary of the Nations.

(COMPILED FROM WOOLCERSTER'S GASTEER.)

FROM the Greek came the use of the chisel, architecture, sculpture and the sense of symmetry; from the Roman, organization by the sword; from the Jew, through the Nazarine, introspection; from the Teuton, unreasoning patience and sluggish brute force; from the Anglo-Saxon, the hammer and the file and intellectual tact; from the Spaniard, the Inquisition; the Chinese, industry; the Hollander, independence and schnapps, and a thirst for the same; from the Portuguese, administrative incompetence and cruelty to the defenseless; from the Neapolitan, that bay and spaghetti; the French, art instinct; the Italian, guile and song; the Swiss, Mont Blanc and William Tell; the Scandinavian, stubbornness; the Irish, wit, political moral obliquity and superstition; the Scotch, fleas, whiskey, business ability, hypocrisy and pecuniary rectitude; the Welsh, an unpronounceable language and fortitude; the Russian, Tartars and Tolstoi; the Isle of Man, Manx cats, who

have no tails, and Hall Caine, who has too many; from Poland, the Poles; Hungary, that awful band and hideous cooking; the Japanese, decorative art, and, in our day, proper military organization; Chicago, the ingenious disposing of sewage by drinking it, and perfection in the art of saying the least in the most words, and saying it often; and, last but not least, from New York, that Home of the Jew and Land of the Job, came the ornate, the unspeakable Theatrical Syndicate of odorous fame.

"HE has been working like a galley slave, hasn't he?"
"Worse—like a farmer's wife."

Royalty.

THE Duchess of Orleans calls the Countess (de Castellane) "sister, dear."

—*Paris Letter.*

The Goulds are not reckoned of royal rank, with us. It is doubtful if they are worth more than a hundred millions, all told. The head of the house is more of a margrave, or elector palatine, or something of that sort.

But the Duke of Orleans is the son of forty Bourbon kings (St. Louis and thirty-nine others).

If ever we get to be a conceited people, will it be any wonder?

Advice.

"MY boy, save up your money, and some day you will be a Senator."



BAYARD RUSTIN

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IN LOVERLY LANE





What's the Matter with the Play Builders?



THE statement that there is a dearth of good plays is becoming as trite as it is true. Those artistic gentlemen who control the destinies of the drama in America and who, presumably, are fond of attracting dollars to their coffers find themselves at their wits' (?) ends. They have relied so long on the successful plays of the more intelligent managers abroad for their material that when that source seems suddenly to have gone dry they are completely stranded.

A CASE in point is that Captain Marshall, who has written two original and successful comedies, has to go back for new material to a French comedy by Scribe. Charles Reade had already translated for the English stage, under the title of "The Ladies' Battle," the piece which is now given at the Garrick in New York as "There's Many a Slip." It's a clever little comedy, but it seems as though all the enormous talent which the present day brings to bear on stage writing might have made a little greater improvement on Scribe and Reade. Those gentlemen were all right in their day, but they are dead and gone, and not at all up to present requirements. They were too literary, or too little slangy, or too something. With all their defects Captain Marshall doesn't seem to have improved on them.

The play is cleverly acted by a company of actors, none of whom is American. Art knows no skies, but nevertheless that at a New York theatre a piece to be even decently acted has to rely entirely on foreign talent is rather a saddening thought to Americans. "There's Many a Slip" is polite and amusing.

"HEARTS AFLAME" is an ambitious attempt at a "strong" play, but unfortunately is more ambitious in its aims than successful in realizing them. Its basis is the tempted wife theme so often played upon in the emotional drama, and to secure the effect of light and shade the story is given an elaborate setting of characters supposed to be taken from contemporary fashionable circles. These characters are largely of the kind Colonel Henry Watterson has lately been so justly and vigorously assailing. The company interpreting the play is a large one and contains some very well-known names, but its work is not effective. Both the play and the method of presenting are elaborately artificial, and both lack the simplicity which would make the story convincing.

"Hearts Aflame" is not likely to become a classic.

LIFE'S THEATRICAL PRIMER.

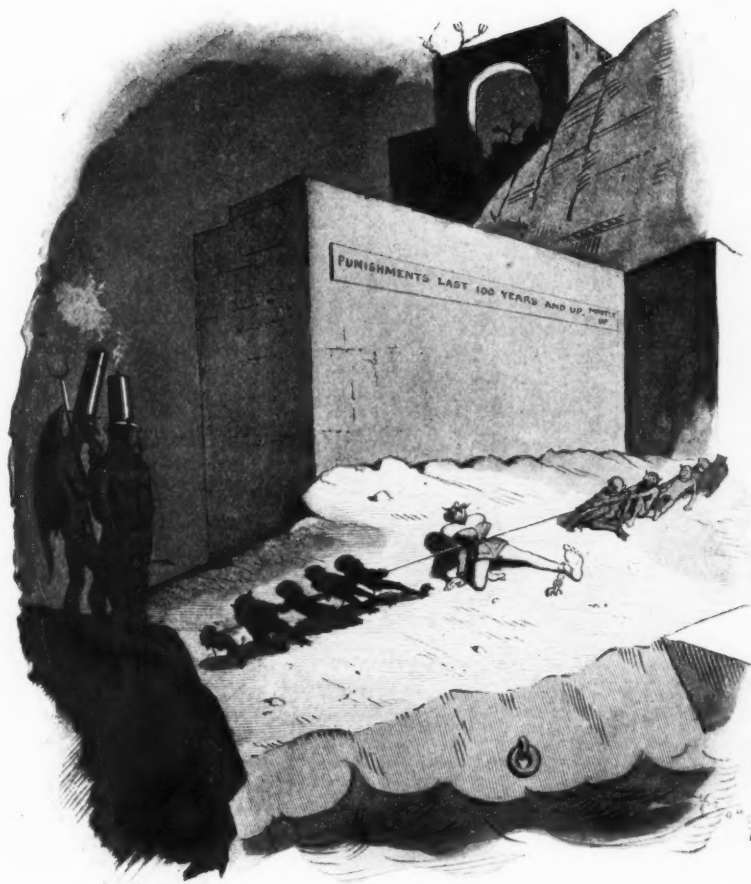


THE American Revolution lacks something as an inspiration for successful drama. Perhaps its environment is too homespun to appeal to our more luxurious modern taste. Or it may be that there is yet to arise a genius who will make the atmosphere of revolutionary times attractive theatrically. Certainly Mr. Hazeltan has not done it in the piece he has written to make Miss Elizabeth Tyree a star. "Captain Molly," as he calls it, is a strange jumble of sound and fury pivoting on the one historical incident that a woman named Pitcher once served a cannon in one of the battles of the American Revolution. There has been considerable skepticism about even that incident, and allowing for the sake of argument that it ever occurred at all, the Molly Pitcher to whom it is credited is said to have been a married woman of certain age, and not the sprightly and most attractive young coquette Miss Tyree is made to make her appear. Of course, in a historical play is the last place in the world to look for anything like historical accuracy, but Mr. Hazeltan has reconstructed out of the foot given to him a most remarkable and impossible Hercules. The Pitcher incident was a curious one to select as the basis of a play for Miss Tyree, who has a distinct and well recognized *métier*, and the resulting play is as curious as the selection of the motive.

It is always to wonder why the wise ones of the stage cannot see in advance what afterwards is obvious to the most inexperienced.

THE New York has been produced a monstrosity called "King Highball." It was conceived in iniquity and born in sin. Its production should have been a state's prison offence. It even casts gloom over that incarnation of joy called Marie Dressler. It was intended to please the Tenderloin taste. The intention was bad enough, but the result was a failure even according to that degraded standard. No worse could be said.

Metcalfe.



SNAPSHOTS IN MADES.

Satan: CONSIDERING THE AMOUNT OF HARM HE HAS DONE TO HUMANITY, I THINK WE ARE ALTOGETHER TOO EASY WITH THE INVENTOR OF THE CORSET.

The Heir.

HE could as yet hardly believe it. He was the possessor of a million dollars.

Yesterday, he was a poor man: today, a millionaire.

The news—that his plutocratic relative had died—had come so suddenly that he had scarcely had time to recover.

He would gradually, he knew, readjust himself to the change.

In the meantime all his cherished plans would be realized. The dreams of a lifetime would come true.

First, there was Cousin Mary. She would always, he had said, have a hundred thousand. He saw hersweet, careworn face now. He would make her happy all the rest of her life. Then there was his sister-in-law Bertha, she who had left her husband

and had been struggling ever since against fearful odds. A hundred thousand for her.

Bill Jones, his old college chum, was down for fifty thousand. He would insist upon his taking it. Then there was John, and Ellen, and ah! he hadn't thought of Aunt Winifred.

After all, there were so many, that, no doubt, Cousin Mary could get along with less. Fifty thousand would be ample. But would she know how to take care of even fifty thousand? That was a question. Maybe it was better to advance her small sums at a time. People who never had had money wouldn't know how to use it.

Perhaps, after all, Bill Jones and John and Ellen and Aunt Winifred and all the rest would be better off without so much. If even one of them went wrong it would be his fault.

He had a duty to perform. He must be careful and not let his money work damage.

Besides, he needed that million. How had he ever got along without it before!

Poor Cousin Mary!

Poor Bill Jones!

Poor Aunt Winifred!

And all the rest!

Real Rumors.

SEVERAL new trusts were organized this morning. Value of properties, one hundred thousand dollars. Capitalized for one billion dollars. Everybody bought.

It is thought that a vaccination hospital will soon be a necessity in the metropolis. After the patients are vaccinated they will be treated for the particular disease developed. Direct transportation will be had with Ward's Island.

The Historical Novelists' Union has recently been organized. Eight hours a day will be advocated, and all scabs will be forced to join the Authors' Club.

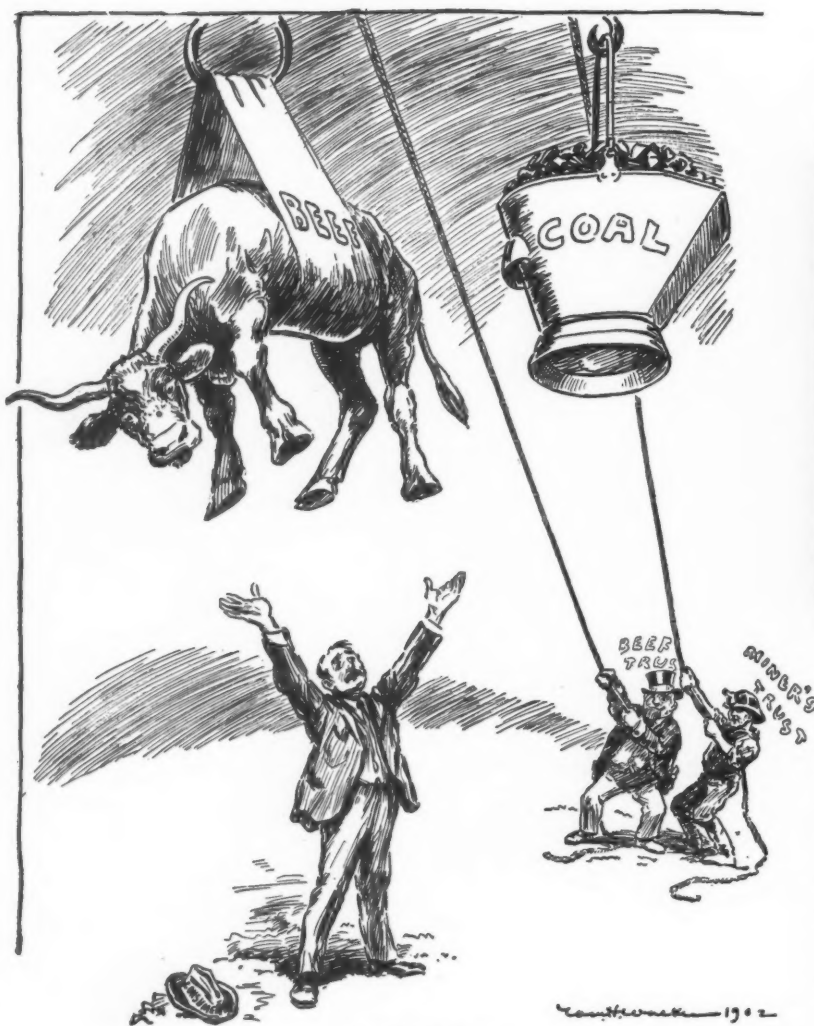
Up to three o'clock this morning *Harper's Weekly* had not changed its policy. If any change occurs later, we will issue an extra.

The Pullman Palace Car Company has at last opened up a germ department. Hereafter all germs as they enter will be obliged to register their names, and will then be assigned to their respective berths.



Mrs. Teacup: O, MR. TUBBS, I WAS SO DELIGHTED WHEN I HEARD THAT YOU WERE SUCH A STAUNCH CHAMPION OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

Tubbs: WHY—ER—I'M NOT EXACTLY—
"NOW DON'T TRY TO HIDE YOUR LIGHT UNDER A BUSH, MR. TUBBS. I KNOW, BECAUSE I HEARD GEORGE SAY THAT YOU HAVE BEEN A BOOZE FIGHTER ALL YOUR LIFE. HE SAID YOU PUNISHED MORE OF IT THAN ANY TEN MEN IN THE STATE."



PROSPERITY IS HERE.

Hard on the Jews.

PAX VOBISCUM



THE Jews of New York feel themselves aggrieved because of the failure of the Police Department to take action about the riot at Rabbi Joseph's funeral. But one thing is clear enough, and that is that the riot was highly discreditable to the police. The funeral was a demonstration without precedent,

attended by enormous, unorganized crowds. The Police Department knew it was coming and ought to have made adequate preparations to take care of it. The truth was the police neglected it, and a row speedily developed into a riot, because there were not policemen enough on hand to check it at the start. The New York police force is largely Irish. The Jews say it not only fails to give them due protection, but that the members of the force habitually treat the East Side Jews with contempt, and frequently with brutality. If that is true, the Jews are doing well to make a fight. Somebody should suffer for the riot at the Chief Rabbi's funeral besides the Jews who were clubbed.



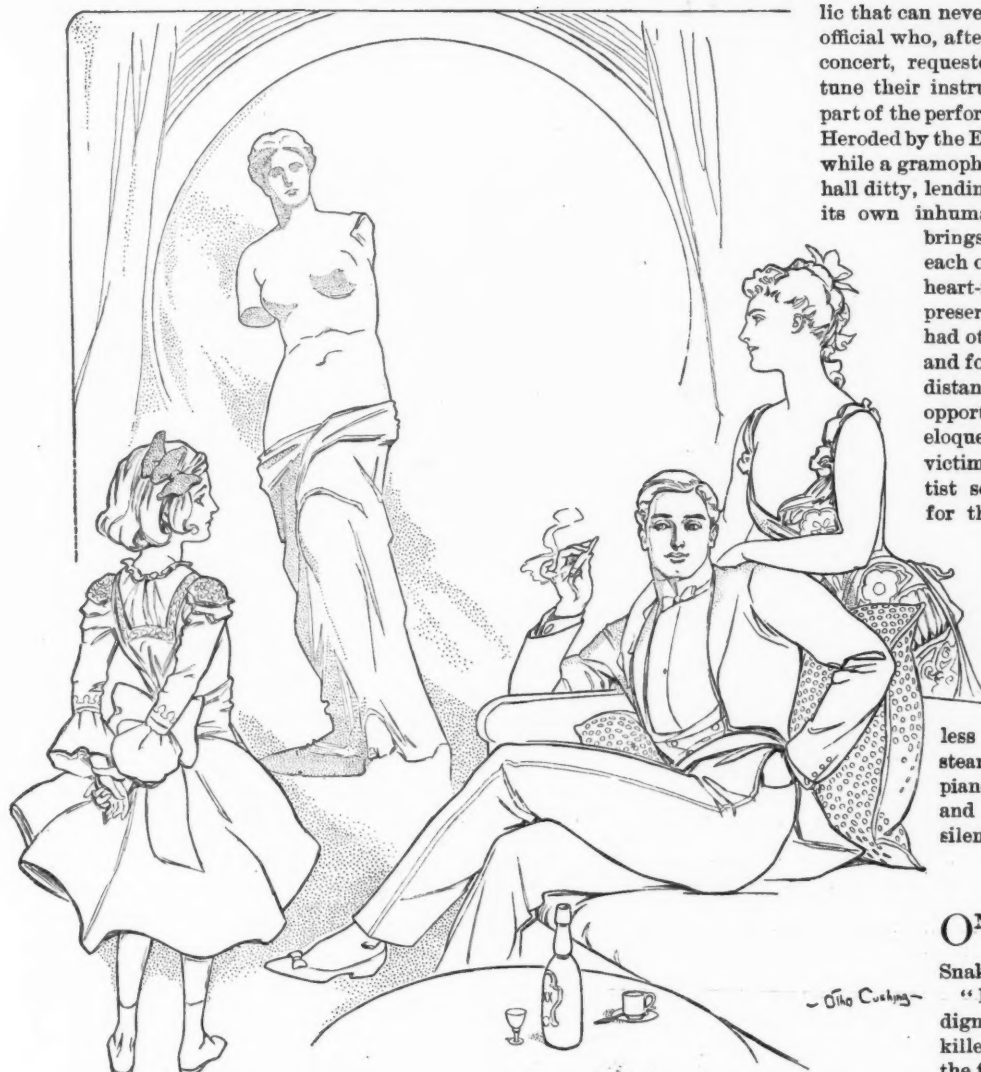
Bald-headed Eaglets (as they spy Professor Round-nut): HELLO, DAD!

Noise.

THAT sardonic and very amusing author, Mr. G. S. Street, has written a mournful paper on the "Philosophy of Noise." He bewails in most unphilosophic mood the misery which one-half the world inflicts upon the other half by the production of sounds which are at once unnecessary and disagreeable. He endeavors to analyze the mental processes which find expression in uproar, the "perverse and discontented individualism" which must be held responsible for the perpetual discords of life.

In reality, being an Englishman, he knows very little about the matter, and should be thanking a too partial Providence for the comparative quiet he enjoys. He lives in the Silent Island, where all sounds are softened and modified, and where the very atmosphere refuses to carry them far upon its heavy wings. Had he ever really heard noise—it is plain he never has—he would recognize it at once as a splendid survival of savagery, as a triumphant and inexhaustible outlet for the old primitive instincts, only partially smothered by a wet blanket of civilization.

The boy, who is to all intents and purposes a young savage, loves noise as the artist says he loves beauty—for its own sake, and quite apart from any significance



"MAMMA, UNCLE BILLY SAYS THAT STATUE IS 'VENUS COMING FROM THE BATH.' BUT I SAY SHE'S GOING TO THE OPERA."

conveyed. In a muddled illogical way we commend this trait in boyhood, even while we suffer severely. A very young child can fill so large an area with sound that the excellent adage, "If thine enemy offend thee, give his son a drum," embodies the wisdom and experience of ages. Increasing years take the edge off of many barbaric pleasures. Dirt and fighting and green fruit fail in time of their attractions; but the great majority of men—men who in other respects give evidence of being civilized—enjoy mak-

ing and hearing a racket. "A good old-fashioned Fourth" means something from which a sensitive Zulu would shrink, yet adult Americans face this yearly ordeal without blanching. It does not even extinguish the sentiment of patriotism in their hearts.

The most hideous thing to contemplate in a world quivering with noise is the determination of scientists to increase and perpetuate it. Each new invention for the storing up, the carrying, the unloading of sound is hailed with acclamations by a delighted pub-

lic that can never have enough. The Chinese official who, after sitting patiently through a concert, requested to hear the musicians retune their instruments—that being the only part of the performance he had enjoyed—is out-Heroded by the European who listens entranced while a gramophone squeaks out some music-hall ditty, lending to the original dissonance its own inhuman twang. Year after year brings with it some fresh device, each one more wonderful and more heart-rending than the last, for the preservation of speech or song, that had otherwise been mercifully lost, and for transporting them over vast distances where they have renewed opportunities to annoy. Science, like eloquence, has no compassion for its victims. Lived there a single scientist so civilized that he could feel for that intelligent and suffering minority who long in vain for quiet, he would invent some instrument which would prevent our hearing sounds we don't want to hear, some life-saving, soul-saving apparatus which would gather up all needless and afflicting noises, from steam whistles to our neighbor's piano, carry them to mid-ocean, and drop them safely into the silent sea.

Agnes Repplier.

Gentle.

ONCE on a time a Gentle Girl came upon a Wicked Snake swallowing a frog.

"How cruel!" she cried, indignantly, and got a club and killed the Wicked Snake, and set the frog free.

The next day it rained, but the day after that it was lovely for fishing.

And the Gentle Girl sat all day in a boat and held a line with a frog hung on the hook at the end of it, and the frog was very much alive and struggled beautifully, and attracted no end of bass.

The End.

"MAMMA, what will I have to do when I am educated and accomplished?"

"Oh, you can pass the rest of your life learning how to keep house."

THE first suit was a fall suit.



HAVE you heard of the nice motor car
Which dear papa gave to mamma?
They went out alone for a ride all their own—
Do you ask if we're orphans? We are.

—Exchange.

STORIES which illustrate the Scotch habit of thrift are constantly coming to light. There was one which greatly amused the late William Black, and which his biographer, Sir Wemyss Reid, says he was fond of relating. It is a story within a story, and although one part of it is old the rest is not.

Somebody was telling a Scotchman a tale which he had just been reading of a certain Eastern potentate who, having taken offense at the doings of his grand vizier, had ordered him to be put to death. The victim knew he must die, but he wished to die comfortably. He was aware that his master's chief executioner was very proficient, and could dispatch his victims not only with swiftness, but with no appreciable suffering. Accordingly he sent for the executioner, and offered him a large sum of money on condition that he would put him to death without pain.

The executioner promised to do his best, and the grand vizier went to his doom in a frame of pious resignation. Kneeling to receive the fatal blow, he was conscious that the sword of the executioner was whirled about his head, but he felt nothing.

"How is this?" he said. "You undertook for a large sum of money to put me to death instantaneously and without pain, yet you are only playing with me and prolonging my misery. Do your work quickly!"

Thereupon the executioner stepped up to the condemned man and offered him a pinch of snuff. The vizier took the pinch of snuff and sneezed, and forthwith his head tumbled from his shoulders.

This is the story which, according to Mr. Black, was told to a fellow countryman of his. The Scotchman listened, and at the end said:

"Well?"

"Well!" repeated the interlocutor. "What do you mean?"

"I'm waiting for the finish of the story," said the Scot.

"But you've got the finish," said the other. "Don't

you see? The executioner was so clever that he cut the fellow's neck in two without letting him feel it."

"Oh, aye. I kent that weel enough, but that's not the point. What I want to know is, did the executioner get the money?"—*Youth's Companion*.

"SOMEHOW," said the girl in blue, "I can't help wishing I had accepted him."

"Why, dear?" asked the girl in gray.

"Why, he swore that he'd never be happy again, and I'm afraid he is."

"Ah, yes," commented the girl in gray reflectively. "As matters are now you can't be sure that he isn't, but if you'd married him you could make sure of it."

—*Chicago Evening Post*.

HERE is one of the stories told by the late Dr. Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota, whose death took place the other day:

"Many years ago," said the Bishop, "I was holding a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in a lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service.

"'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles!'"—*Exchange*.

A BEGINNER in newspaper work in a Southern town, who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph-office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story on so and so. Shall I send it?"

The reply was brief and prompt, but, to the enthusiast, unsatisfactory. "Send six hundred words," was all it said.

"Can't be told in less than twelve hundred," he wired back.

Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in six hundred. Try it."—*Argonaut*.

A COMMITTEE once called on Wu Ting-fang, the Chinese Minister who has been ordered home, to request him to address a society connected with one of the fashionable churches of Washington. Casual mention was made of the

fact that the youthful pastor of the church had recently resigned to enter upon a new field of labor on the Pacific Coast.

"Why did he resign?" asked Mr. Wu.

"Because he had received a call to another church," was the reply.

"What salary did you pay him?"

"Four thousand dollars."

"What is his present salary?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"Ah!" said the disciple of Confucius; "a very loud call!"—*Exchange*.

RAILROAD accidents, so fruitful of tragic incidents, are also occasionally productive of bits of humor, although it is not often that the humor finds a place in the newspaper reports of the accident.

One amusing incident is reported by a woman to whose care a young man had been intrusted after he had been badly hurt in a collision. He was unconscious when he was carried to her house, and did not open his eyes or speak for some time.

His first conscious moments were evidently full of bewilderment. He looked all about the room, and finally let his eyes rest upon his bandaged feet. He looked at them long and carefully. A puzzled frown slowly gathered on his face. With a feeble finger he pointed toward the foot of the bed.

"Those are not my feet," he said. "My feet had russet shoes on them."—*Youth's Companion*.

THIS is a conversation that took place in the newspaper office of a village, between the editor and a college girl, who on her completion of the academic year, found the leisure of home life debilitating, and decided that she would be a business woman:

"In a town of this size, and as you are a beginner," said the editor wearily, but with a sense of rural responsibility, "of course you can't expect anything very munificent. But you can get good board and lodging for ten dollars a week, and I can offer you twelve."

"But," she asked, wide eyed, "what shall I do with the other two?"—*New York Evening Sun*.

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"I TELL you the Reverend Longwynde is one of nature's own preachers. He is one of the sort that sees 'sermons in stones.'"

"Ah, then, that accounts for the large proportion of rocky sermons he delivers."—*Los Angeles Herald*.

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The "Overland Limited" via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways has electric reading lamps in every berth; long distance telephone service, buffet-library cars (with barber and bath), compartment observation cars, and dining cars. All agents sell tickets via this route.

"WHAT do you think we had better do about this trust business?" asked the apprehensive citizen.

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum; "something ought to be done pretty soon or they'll get so powerful and independent that they won't think it worth while to pay for influence."—*Washington Star*.

I'VE had a lovely supper, and it was enlivened with a bottle of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

"HE thinks of having his poems published in book form."

"Well, that's the best way of putting them where they won't bother anybody."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

AWAY to Old Point Comfort, Va.! A trip you'll not soon forget—simply grand! Step into a new world—restful—ticket agent will make it easy. Send to the Chamberlin for booklet.

"WILL you marry me?" he said, suddenly looking up from the paper which he had been studying.

"Wh—why," she replied, "how you startled me. What has caused you to ask me such an important question so suddenly?"

"I've been looking over the tax list."

"I can't see what the tax list has to do with our love."

"Your father's name isn't on it. He must be very rich."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"WASN'T it a terrifying experience," asked his friend; "when you lost your foothold and went sliding down the mountainside?"

"It was exciting, but extremely interesting," said the college professor. "I could not help noticing all the way down with what absolute accuracy I was following along the line of least resistance."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HERMAN SEEKAMP CANNOT HANDLE ABBOTT'S ANGSTURA BITTERS.

INJUNCTION ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES CIRCUIT COURT.

Herman Seekamp, of No. 142 Liberty Street, New York City, one of the dealers who were sued by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons for handling an alleged imitation of Angostura Bitters, put up by C. W. Abbott & Company, has been enjoined by the United States Circuit Court, Southern District of New York.

The decree restrains the defendant from handling any imitation Angostura Bitters, or any bitters under the name of Angostura not manufactured by the Siegerts.

"HIT him again! Slug him! Do him up!" yell the excited spectators of the prize-fight when the favorite knocks down his opponent.

Calmly the referee raises his hand for silence. When the turmoil has died down he remarks:

"Gentlemen, I beg of you to remember that this is not the United States Senate."—*Baltimore American*.

"Drink Beer"

When you get run down, your doctor says "drink beer." Or he prescribes a malt tonic—concentrated beer.

Weakness calls for food, and barley-malt is a food half digested. The digestion of other food is aided by a little alcohol, and beer has $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

Weakness requires a tonic—that's hops.

And it's good for well people, too, if you get a *pure* beer. That's essential.

Even a touch of impurity makes beer unhealthful, because beer is saccharine. Impurities multiply in it.

And a "green beer"—insufficiently aged—causes biliousness. But a pure beer—well aged—is the beverage of health.

Schlitz beer costs twice what common beer costs in the brewing. One-half pays for the product; the other half for its purity.



One-half is spent in cleanliness, in filtering even the air that touches it, in filtering the beer, in sterilizing every bottle. And it pays the cost of aging the beer for months before we deliver it.

If you ask for Schlitz you get purity and age, yet pay no more than beer costs without them.

Ask for the Brewery Bottling.



"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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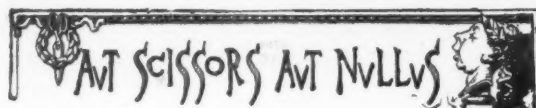
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"Defender of the Rails—The New York Central."—*Utica Herald.*



CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.
He got his daughters off his hands,
And thought the job complete,
But since they're wed he's had to keep
Their husbands on their feet.

—Philadelphia Press.

THIS—some Japanese characters at the side alone omitted—is a fac-simile of a card presented in perfect good faith to all European tourists arriving at Hakodate in Japan:

NOTICE!!!

Having lately been REFITTED and preparations have been made to supply those who may give us a look up, with the WORST of LIQUORS and FOOD at a reasonable price, and served by the

Ugliest Female Servants that can be procured

The Establishment can not boast of a Proprietor, but is carried on by a Japanese lady who would not be thought handsome even in a crowd. The Cook when his face is washed is considered the best looking of the company. Come up and see us, and don't let the jinriksha men bluff you by saying there is no such a place as

YOKOHAMA HOUSE,
No. 22 FUNABA-CHO, HAKODATE,
HANNA BREWER

—Sporting Times.

A GEORGIA hostess, entertaining a large party of guests in her plantation home, expected an English lord on a night train. While her jet black "George Washington" served her American guests admirably, he had had no experience with English titles.

Therefore, considering a little instruction necessary, Mrs. G— proceeded to give it, as follows:

"George, Lord C— will be here for breakfast in the morning, and you must pass your tray to him first, and say, 'My Lord, will you have so and so?'"

After going through the formula several times George was dismissed, looking more than usually self-important.

When breakfast was announced George was in his place, his face shining like polished ebony and his eyes like full moons. When the guests were seated George hesitated a moment, then made a dash at the guest of honor with his tray, and burst out:

"Good God A'mighty, will you hab some o' dis?"

—Current Literature.

SENATOR DANIEL, of Virginia, was at one time counsel for a small Southern railroad. At a point on the line where it crossed a prominent highway they had an old negro watchman, whose duties consisted in warning travelers of the approach of trains. One night a farmer's wagon was struck, causing a bad accident. The railroad company was, of course, sued for damages, and at the trial the old darky was the chief witness for his employers. He answered the questions put to him in a clear, direct manner. Among them was the query as to whether he surely swung his lantern across the road when he saw the train coming, to which he replied:

"'Deed I did, sah."

The railroad company won the suit, and Mr. Daniel took occasion later to compliment his witness on his excellent testimony. The old fellow was profuse in thanks, but before they parted bluntly said:

"Lordy, Marse John, I sho' was skeered when dat lawyer 'gin to ax me 'bout de lantern. I was afeared he was goin' to ax me if it was lit or not, 'cause de oil in it done give out some time before de axdent."—Exchange.

On the afternoon of Winslow's departure for Denver he was paying his bill, when he called Willie, hanging fascinatingly near.

"I want you," he said slowly, glaring into the boy's eyes, "to go upstairs and see if I left my toothbrush and comb in my room. Toothbrush and comb, toothbrush, toothbrush, toothbrush! Don't forget what I want, boy, and hurry, too. Got to get my train."

"N no, sir; y-yes, sir," chattered Willie.

Winslow hung about impatiently, watching the clock like a hawk. Only two minutes to spare. Just as he caught up his bag to depart, Willie came on a dead run across the floor, his face aglow with the sense of a lofty mission well performed.

"Yes, sir," he cried eagerly, "you left 'em."

Winslow gazed at his empty-handed emissary. His lips moved, but no words came forth. Then, with an inarticulate snarl, he stepped into the waiting carriage.

—Kansas City Journal.

"I HAD no idea old Graspit was a philanthropist until I saw him circulating a petition yesterday for the purpose of raising money to enable a poor widow to pay her rent."

"Oh, Graspit's all right. He owns the house the poor widow lives in."—Chicago Daily News.

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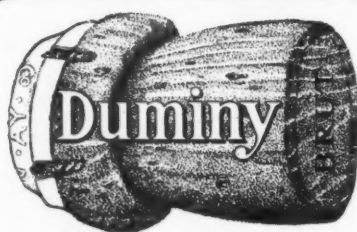
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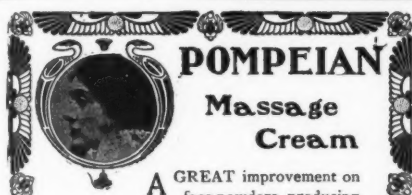
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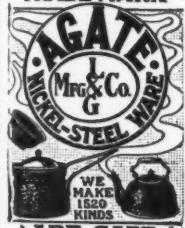
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